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ROCK ISLAND

CAUSE OF THE PANIC

STRAWBERRY HILL IS FLAT BROKE,
AND WEeping BILL EXPLAINS.

It Wasn't Thrift or Lack of Confidence,
but Just Plain Poker as Explanated by
Abe Henderson, Who Gives Up His
Game, and Peace Is Restored.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.]

Things were not going right at Strawberry Hill. There were 200 miners of us, but money kept getting tighter and scarcer and by and by nobody had a dollar to lend. Chinnemen came along and offered to work for 12 cents a day, but nobody could hire them, and the man who owed the price of a plug of tobacco was dunned until he was mad enough to fight. We differed as to the cause, but all agreed that a financial panic was at hand, and that speedy steps must be taken if we would ward it off. Therefore, on a Saturday afternoon, we held a public meeting to devise ways and means. The first speaker was old Jim White, who had once been a justice of the peace in Wisconsin and was supposed to know all about financial panics. When he was pushed forward, he said: "A month ago we was livin under the sacred constitution of these United States with money as plenty as fens on a dawg. We are now livin under the same sacred constitution, but so flat broke that its useless for the stockholder to tip that last bar'l o' whiskey. Why for is this so? If some critter has bin foolin with our financial policy who's the man? Dawggone me if I kin make it out!"

Then he gave place to "Judge" Tompkins, who had failed in the grocery business in Iowa and was consequently looked up to, and who said: "It's just this way: All to once we has plenty of money, and all to once we can't raise a blamed cent. Whence this stringency in the money market? Hev we over-produced, and thus caused stagnation? Is it the tariff? Is it want of confidence in the stability of our government? Durn my hide, but it's beyond me! When the panic struck me in the grocery business, I failed and made a clean \$1,000, but when this 'ere panic got in I couldn't fail for a shillin'!"

The third speaker was a chap familiarly known as "Weeping Bill." He did the crying for the whole camp. Back in the States his wife ran away with a root doctor, and he was so affected by it that he couldn't read an almanac without weeping. Of a Sunday afternoon we used to get out a newspaper and start him to read.



"GIMME HALF A MINUTE FOR WEEPIN'." Ing the mortgage sales and stray male notices, and he would weep over them as if they had been heartbreaking tales of family life. William expected the call. He wiped tears from his eyes and began:

"Fellow countrymen, this is a sad occasion, and I cannot restrain my tears. Several eminent speakers here stood before and stated the cause and asked the cause. Excuse these tears. We hev a financial panic. What bring her on, and what is the remedy? I feel to weep. I do weep. The cause of this 'ere ternal panic is as plain as the nose on Hank Jackson's face, and the remedy kin be described in 15 minutes. A month ago a stranger came among us. Hold on till I wipe these blindin' tears away. He's here yet. He's right in this crowd, and his cognomen it be Abe Henderson. He cum among us like the soft, sleek, sly serpent, and within a week he had interlarded and larded everybody in this camp to play poker. Gimme half a minute for weepin'. We liked the game. We liked that pert called bluff. Those of us who had the most bluff gradually cleaned out the others, and a week ago all the money in this camp was in the pockets of Tom Wallace and the undersigned. 'Sense's more tears. Three days ago we set down with that soft, sleek, sly serpent previously mentioned, and inside of two hours he had cleaned us out. Is it any wonder we've got a financial panic when he's got all the cash fur 100 miles around? It's no lack of confidence and no fault of the sacred constitution. The cause is right here and can't be disputed. Again I weep. Then you ask what 'er the remedy? Plain as the hill over that! We must make Abe Henderson shed out that money and divide her up pro rata, and five minutes later the panic will be gone, and peace and plenty will prevail."

It was the thing to do, and it was done. Abe was thrown down and sat on the money divided, and the first and only panic which ever struck Strawberry Hill passed away without leaving a wreck behind.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Town Where Bank Depositors May Rest Easy.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Tuesday forenoon it came to our ears that the Great Western bank of this town was on the point of closing its doors on depositors. There was no time for consultation with our friends. Out in this country a bank doesn't fold around about closing up. When it has been decided to close, the doors are shut with a bang, and after that all you can hope for is to get a shot at some of the officials through a back window. We laid down our pen, buckled on our guns and made a run for it, and got into the bank just as the janitor had his hands on the door. An air of mystery came at once, and proceeded to propound various inquiries. Standing before the cashier's window in a position which was doubtless more or less statuesque, we asked for full information and were soon in possession of it. The last monthly report showed the bank to have lost \$12,000, and the directors had decided to suspend. We let go of our revolver to take up a pencil and go over the figures, and in five minutes we discovered the error. There was a mistake in adding up. Instead of losing \$12,000 the bank had made \$1,000, and the decision to go right on doing business was immediate. Three or four customers came in while we were talking, but none of them raised their heads or moved a muscle. They observed our guns leveled on the cashier through the window, but supposed we were discussing the rate of exchange on New York. While we believe we saved this town

from a financial panic which would have sent the price of gin cocktails sky high and probably prevented the dog fight advertised for Saturday night, we do not take any great credit to ourselves. Had the bank closed its doors people would have busted them open, and had the officials declared a financial failure they would have been hung by the crowd, but it is better to avoid public excitement if possible. Some of our citizens have drawn out their hal-



WE ASKED FOR FULL INFORMATION. ance, having become suspicious of the bank, but we regard this move as a foolish one. Where there is no possible show for a bank president or cashier to skip the town, and where it is plainly understood that failure means a noosed rope, we believe that depositors may rest easy. We would simply advise the cashier to be a little more careful with his figures, as some of his depositors are men who shoot first and hunt for the mistake afterward.

A FAIR VERDICT.—Some of our citizens are inclined to criticize the verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of the Scott versus Thompson affair, but we fail to see how it could have arrived at any other conclusion. We were an eyewitness to the whole affair. Tuesday afternoon Jim Thompson, the deceased, who is generally referred to as "Cussin Jim," rode into town on a cayuse he had lately purchased over in Utah. He claimed that the cayuse was used to being ridden into saloons and having the privilege of prancing around while his rider popped away at the various articles of use and ornament. He further claimed that the animal was lonesome and homesick for an affair of the sort, and he set out to ride him into Scott's Palace saloon. Mr. Scott is a good, old, school man and does not object to a little fun. On several different occasions we have personally reeled our guns on the bar and smashed the stoppers of various deancers, and he has always taken such affairs in good nature and never sent a bill under 30 days. He was willing to allow "Cussin Jim" to enter on foot and shoot at anything in the place, but the man was pugnacious and obstinate. He must come in on his old cayuse or he would raise a row. Mr. Scott met him at the door and warned him away. He refused to go and kept urging his animal at the door. When Mr. Scott seized the cayuse by the bits, Jim fired at him and grazed his left ear. He was about to pull trigger again when the patient and kind hearted proprietor of the ginmill whipped out a derringer and bored him. Had we been in Mr. Scott's place we should certainly have bored Jim at least five minutes sooner. There were five other persons in the saloon, and all were agreed that Mr. Scott used every reasonable effort to avoid sending the riddled man from Goose Creek to join the innumerable caravan. He will not only bear all the funeral expenses, but send \$5 in cash to the late lamented's widow. Indeed he has acted so white from beginning to end that "Cussin Jim" ought to esteem it a great privilege to be put out of the way through his instrumentality.

IT WAS A SURPRISE PARTY.

A Goat That Didn't Know What He Was Running Up Against.

On the south side of the freight depot platform was a tier of bags about 3 feet high filled with cottonseed meal, and at the extreme eastern end of the tier a darkly striped cat full length on the bags. He lay on his stomach, his face resting across his folded arms, and his hind had fallen off as he slept and snored under the midday sun of Alabama. I shouldn't have observed these things so



"YOU'D BETTER SELL YOURSELF FOR A SHEEP!" particularly but for the colored porter around the passenger depot, who called me out of the waiting room to whisper: "Boss, if you want to see a surprise party just stand right yere about two minutes!"

A big white billygoat had mounted the platform at the eastern end in search of a noonday meal. The bags were right there before him, and so was the sleeping negro's head. He thought the matter over for awhile and then concluded to dispose of the head first.

"The goat is going to hunt him unless we prevent it," I said to the porter. "Dat's what's gwine ter make de surprise party!" he chuckled.

"But he'll break that man's skull!" "Don't you worry 'bout dat nigger, white man! Dat's Abe Jones on de meal-bags, an' dat 'er goat is layin' up heaps o' sorrow fur himself."

"We'd better stop it," I persisted as the goat elevated his stub tail and began to lift his head and clash his teeth.

"If we did, Abe wouldn't worry 'bout a head dat kin bust a grindstone into six pieces. Dat be gwine!"

The goat retreated until he had a clear run of 30 feet and then suddenly sprang forward. He made about four jumps of it and struck Abe's head with a smash which could be heard a block away. The concussion drove the sleeper back a foot or more, and from his slowness in getting up on his knees I feared the worst. But after he was up he rubbed his eyes, yawned heavily, and looking over the ends of the bags at the goat he lazily exclaimed:

"Oh! It was yo', was it? Wal, if yo' kin't rot no mo' sense dan to go on per-

alym yo'self again my skull dan yo'd better sell yo'self fur a sheep!" He selected a new position and stretched out for another nap, and after standing for awhile and gazing around in a vacant way the goat leaped off the platform and ambled up the street.

"Didn't I dun tole yo' so, white man!" laughed the porter. "De ideah of yo' worryin' 'bout Abe Jones' head! Maybe a train of kyars might bust it, but dar hain't nuffin else I knows of dat could even giv him de headache!"

A USELESS WAITING.

Mr. Grimshaw Was Perfectly Willing That Maude Should Go.

"Mr. Grimshaw!"

"Well, what is it?"

It was Henri Spoon-drift, only son and heir of old Spoon-drift, the flour merchant, who first spoke. He had left Maude Grimshaw in the parlor and entered the library to ask her father's consent.

"Yes, I know. You are young Spoon-drift, son of your daddy and all that, but don't spring any old chestnuts on me! If you have anything to say, out with it."

"Mr. Grimshaw, for the past three years I have—I have"

"Yes, I've seen you spooning around here for two or four years. You must know the house pretty well by this time. Is there anything you wish to say to me before we part?"

"Sir! I love—love—that is I love!"

"Pudding, pudding! Sodo I, if it's the right sort. Young man, do you think I care two continental cocked hats whether you love pudding or not?"

"Yes, Grimshaw, can I speak to you?" pleadingly inquired the young man.

"Speak to me! Why, blame your eyebrows, but I've been trying my best to get you to talk! What in thunder ails you anyhow? If you want a nickel for ear fare, why don't you ask for it like a man instead of a cheek protector?"

"For three years I have loved your daughter Maude!" desperately announced Henri.

"You have! Then you are an idiot! A man who will spoon around for three long years hasn't the sense of a chickadee! Does Maude suspect that you love her, as you call it?"

"She does. I am sure that she likewise returns my love."

"Yes, she's just flat-headed enough. She could have her pick of a dozen football chips, and yet she wants to marry a young man who couldn't pull a turnip up by the roots!"

"Mr. Grimshaw, I am not an athlete, but I will!"

"Shut up! You mean that you will learn to ride a bike or become a champion runner, but I don't care 2 cents about that! How quick can you marry Maude?"

"Why, in two or three months, if the dear angel is willing."

"Two or three months! Young man, you skate back to the parlor and tell her it's got to come off within two weeks! Not a blamed day longer! I've been ready to give my consent for the last two years and a half, and now the spooning must come to an end. Go—hop—skate—get ready to marry or die!"

Rejecting a Brother. There were three of us on horseback, and we were jogging along about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, when two men suddenly leaped out from behind a rock and leveled rifles on us and ordered us to throw up our hands. Our horses stopped and our lands went up, but the third man of our party, who was a chap from Iowa looking for his brother, who had been missing several years, protestingly said:

"Gentlemen, I have only about \$40, and if you take it how am I going to pursue my search for my lost brother?"

"Hev you lost a brother out this way, stranger?" asked the man who motioned us to dismount and be searched.

"I have. It is now several years since he was heard of, and I have come to find him."

"Did he look like you?"

"All right. Say, Jim, come up here!"

"What's wanted?" asked the other robber as he came nearer.

"This 'ere feller has lost a brother and wants to keep his \$40 to find him with. Mehbe you are his long lost brother."

"Mehbe I am."

"Oh! no! no! you can't be my brother William!" protested the traveler.

"I don't see why."

"Oh, but you can't be."

"Was your brother William a bigger and better lookin' critter?"

"No, but"

"Did he have any more sand?"

"No, but you see that?"

"Could yer brother William hold up a stage with seven men in it and take away a bundle of \$2,000?"

"I don't think so, but you"—

"Sam, he's too blamed pertickler fur this enterprisin' kentry!" exclaimed Jim as he stepped back. "He loses his brother William. He comes out to hunt him up. He meets us. I offer to be his brother, but he won't 'low it. Go ahead and take his \$40 and his hat and coat and boss! A critter who will come out here and hunt and waste his time lookin' fur a pertickler critter of a brother hain't got no rights we is bound to respect. Clean him dead out, and then gin him a couple of kicks fur me!"

M. QUAD.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Fitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curs, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. G. C. Osborn,
Lowell, Mass.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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Skookum Root Hair Grower

is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the causes of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither mercury nor arsenic, and is a purely vegetable product, and is perfectly safe. It is the only hair grower that cures dandruff and gives hair on bald heads.

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